

A
FAMILIAR EPISTLE,
ON THE
JUVENILE EXERCISES,
OF THE
YOUNG GENTLEMEN
IN
CHARTER-HOUSE.

TO WHICH IS ADDED,
A TOKEN of RESPECT to the Memory of
MR. THOMAS SUTTON,
MUNIFICENT ENDOWER OF CHARTER-HOUSE.

Wrote on the Anniversary Commemoration, commonly
called FOUNDER'S DAY; December 12th, 1792:

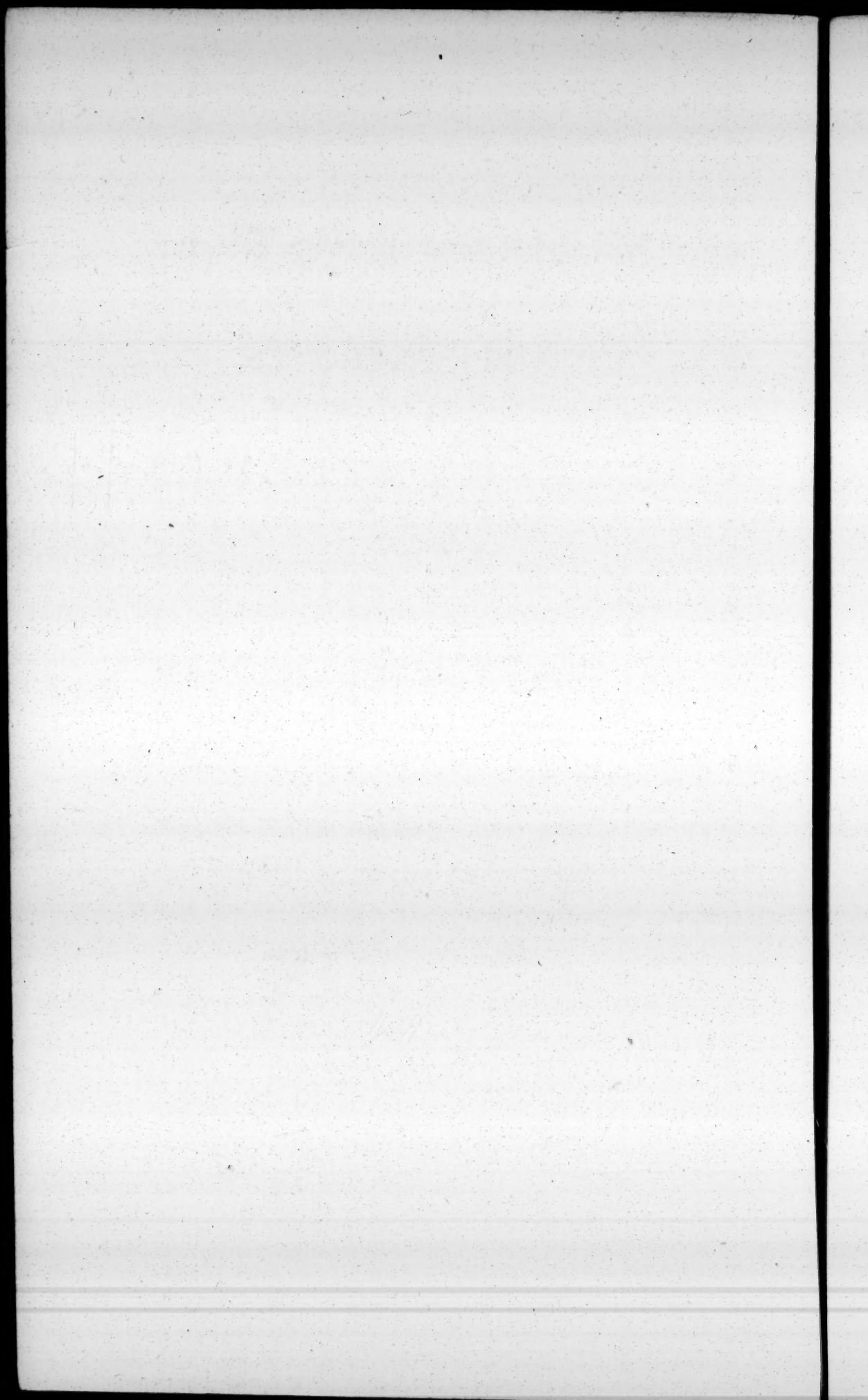
TOGETHER WITH
A CARD OF RESPECT,
To a LADY, and her Daughter, on their presenting the
AUTHOR with an elegant Assemblage of Flowers.

ADDRESSED TO A FRIEND.

By JAMES KENTON, P. B.
OF CHARTER-HOUSE.

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M, DCC, XCIII.



TO EUSEBIO.

MY DEAR SIR,

I again take the Liberty of addressing to you, a few Lines; I was greatly importuned to write.

As you so kindly condescended to accept my last Publication, your Candour and Affection will not let you despise THIS.

I have no Doubt, that, while the Sanction of your Approbation stamps a Value upon it, to which it can claim no Pretensions, unless for its Weakness, you will kindly shelter it under your Patronage.

The Lines were wrote to pleasure some, and now appear to public View, at the Desire of a great Number of my kind Friends: I am assured of one in EUSEBIO, who has given me so many, and such incontestible Proofs of his Respect, Regard, Esteem and warm Affection.

While they give me an Opportunity of expressing my Ideas of the juvenile Exercises of a particular Class of young Gentlemen; as also of testifying my affectionate Regard to the Memory of the benevolent Founder of that House, in which I am so comfortably situated and provided for; they also give me an Opportunity of saying, in public, the real Language of my Heart, (viz.) how greatly I honour and esteem you; and that I am,

My dear Sir,

Your Sincere, Faithful,

and Affectionate Friend,

JAMES KENTON.

Charter-House,
Jan. 1st, 1793.

A FAMI-

A
FAMILIAR EPISTLE,

T O
Mr. C——, and some of the YOUNG
GENTLEMEN,
In CHARTER-HOUSE.

But grant to Youth, (and just it is to grant
To FERVID YOUTH) some Perquisites of Joy.

DEAR SIRs,

YOU'VE engag'd me some verses to write;
But alas! can a blundering scholar indite,
What a C—— may please, and his ev'ry young friend,
Who my poor compositions so highly commend?

To catch a small drop of the *Helicon* fount,
And divert you once more, I'll poor *Pegasus* mount;
Yet if he should trip, as he's plaguily lame,
And I crack my crown, *you* shall bear all the blame.

A Pensioner here, in this house I remain,
Its advantages bless, for I need not complain;
The shades of the evening are hastening on,
In a few fleeting moments, I hence shall be gone;
I soon must set out for the banks of that bourn,
From which no one traveller e'er can return.

But YOU, who the morning of life may enjoy,
 Can in rational pleasures your hours employ,
 Your rose-buds to gather, be wise while you may,
 For time swiftly glides, and refuses to stay,
 And life, at the longest, endures but a day.

When I pass thro' the play ground, the cloister & halls,
 Where your tops you are whipping, or driving your balls;
 Where harness'd as horses, your play-mates to please,
 Then leaping, and skipping, and climbing the trees:
 Some with bandalores swinging, and twirling about,
 Some as pugilists boxing, both valiant and stout.
 Some with Targets of leather, and broad wooden swords,
 Prove the honours the science of fencing affords.
 Well pleas'd I survey all your juvenile sports,
 As three circles together you trace thro' the courts;
 In the cloister throw off the Foundation-Black-Robe,
 With agility urging the volatile globe,
 While with big expectation some labour to catch,
 What flies far beyond them, and out of their reach;
 Thus ranging your confines, so lively and gay,
 In feats of activity wear out the day;
 With innocent pleasures the time thus beguile,
 And by turns *jar* and *jangle*, then—shake hands & smile.

When the Governors meet, & each carriage approaches,
 How you mount on the box, & drive fiercely the coaches;
 While troops of young pupils, ambitiously fir'd,
 Croud behind, or run after, till heartily tir'd;
 Then a holiday ask, to enjoy the next day,
 And send off their Lordships, with thanks and huzza.

When

When you're drawn round the green in victorious cars,
 As conquering heroes, return'd from the wars,
 Was that drunken demi-god, ALEX. the Great,
 Who *Babylon* enter'd in grandeur and state;
 Whose noddle, by nature was hung on one side,
 Whose Courtiers him mimick'd to flatter his pride;
 Who spread o'er the earth desolation and dread,
 By an army of cut-throats, with him at their head:
 Or could CÆSAR, at *Rome*, be more happy than you?—
 'Twere well had they both been as innocent too!

These are pastimes design'd, and adapted to youth;
 But the nobler researches of knowledge and truth,
 As you ripen to manhood, your thoughts must engage;
 Then, as pleasing when young, be ye wise in old-age.

In the Chapel arrang'd, some with gowns, some without,
 (To the Lessons you hear, you attend, without doubt,)
 The munificent Founder's good-will is display'd,
 And thanks to his memory constantly paid;
 But when the grand Day Anniversary comes,
 And festival joy fills the halls and the rooms,
 When the MASTER and OFFICERS gathering round,
 With solemnity seated, and silence profound;
 Who the *Rostrum* ascends to pronounce the Oration,
 Meets mighty eclat, and immense approbation,
 Inspiring you all with a just emulation. }
 But let him who the palm shall victorious bear,
 Remember the kindness of W——— last year;
 Who fill'd with philanthropy, noble and great,
 Reliev'd the poor beggars that crowded the gate;

Then the lips of the needy your bounty shall bless,
And your noble humanity loudly confess.

As you're gentlemen all, you'll permit me to say,
May your conduct that character always display;
Your talents exert for the purposes given,
To make people happy, on earth and in heaven.
Let generous sentiments glow in your breast,
By each noble passion your minds be possess;
Treat kindly among you the FAG's of the day,
And your mildness in future with joy they'll repay.

Your studies pursue, and perhaps you will find,
Ere long you must study the good of mankind;
Their Estates, Minds, and Bodies, your care will demand,
As your stations are fix'd by the laws of the land.

If a Pulpit, the Bar, or a College you grace,
With honour and dignity fill up your place;
The municipal laws, if you're call'd to attend,
Be upright, and just, and the honest man's friend;
His right to maintain against all that oppresses,
And your faithful attention the heavens will bless;
And when you the cause of the sufferers plead,
A Providence kind will your labours succeed.

If the Physical Character falls to your lot,
Let the *health* of your patient be never forgot;
Nor let fordid gold be your *primary* choice;
Be noble, be gen'rous, you then may rejoice:
For whatever our station, however employ'd,
An HONEST MAN's surely the best work of GOD.

But if e'er you the holiest character bear,
The message of GOD to mankind to declare;
Or rise to fill up an Episcopal Chair:

}
By

By Truth, Zeal, and Knowledge, your Ministry prove,
'Till you're fill'd with the Spirit of Peace and of Love;
Then, when the Chief Shepherd appears, & comes down,
He'll give you of Glory, a Kingdom, and Crown.

One Thing I desire that Heaven will grant,
You may be all *I* wish,—then you'll be all *you* want.

Thus I've scribbled my scrawl;—if your patience is tir'd,
Remember, 'tis what you politely requir'd;
'Twas penn'd, Sirs, conformable to your demands,
And rushes on swiftly, to kiss all your hands.
Imperfections excuse, and your candour extend,
You'll believe me,

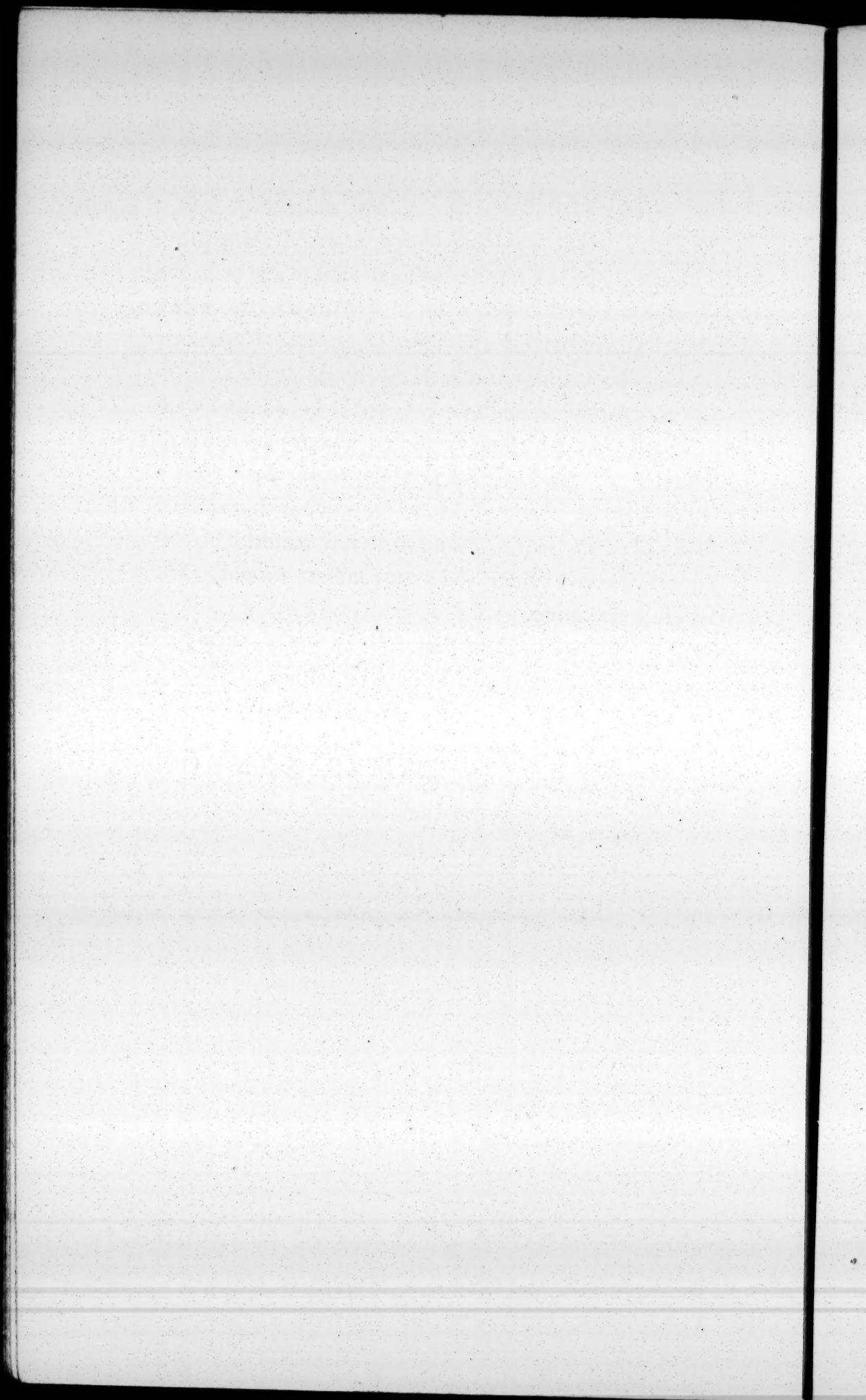
Dear Sirs,

Your well-wisher,
and Friend,

JAMES KENTON.

Charter-House,
Aug. 24, 1792.

VERSES



V E R S E S,
O N T H E
ANNIVERSARY COMMEMORATION
O F
MR. THOMAS SUTTON,
T H E
Munificent FOUNDER, and Bountiful ENDOWER,
O F
C H A R T E R - H O U S E.

Wrote December 12th, 1792.

The Memory of the Just is blessed. Prov. chap. x. ver. 7.

HAIL happy shade! this memorable day,
Thanks to thy manes, joyfully we pay;
Gladly the grand solemnity attend,
The mem'ry blest of our benignant Friend;
Whose vast munificence WE daily prove,
In acts of true benevolence and love.
Blest'd House of Mercy! in whose calm retreat,
Both age and youth, in harmony may meet;
Youth fill'd with spirit, flush'd with joy elate,
While "age and want sit smiling at the gate:"
Where ease and pleasure, innocent and kind,
Each one, devoid of care, may freely find.

This

This venerable pile, survey'd with awe,
 Must from each grateful heart, affection draw;
Here Superstition, hateful of the light,
 And Ignorance, envelop'd deep in night;
 Brooding in cells, for ever hid from day,
 Upheld by Papal Power, maintain'd their sway;
 While with each hateful interested scheme,
 That lazy Monks, or artful Friars dream,
 In shameful sloth their useless lives they spent,
 Abusing all the talents GOD had lent.

But were all lost? Nay, some among the crowd
 Were zealous, pious, lovers of their GOD;
 Their hearts devoted, burn'd with heav'nly flame,
 They lov'd, they blest'd, the dear Redeemer's name;
 Before his cross with humble reverence bow'd,
 Worship'd, ador'd, and lov'd th' Incarnate GOD,
 Who veil'd his GODHEAD in a human frame,
 And bore for us, the lov'd IMMANUEL's name.

Tho' thro' mistaken judgment led astray,
 Perhaps to Paradise they found the way;
 When brutal HENRY fraught with rage and lust,
 By sanguinary laws, and rules unjust,
 Doom'd those a sacrifice to cruel fate,
 Who firmly suffer'd death at their own gate.

The treasures seiz'd by his rapacious hand,]
 (For what can arbitrary sway withstand?)
 To aggrandize a minion of his Court,
This mansion gave, where Nobles might resort;
 Where splendor, elegance, and pleasure dwelt,
 Nor scarcity, or poverty were felt;

Perchance

Perchance with riot, revelling and mirth,
These roofs resounded with the sons of earth.
 While music's voice, to measur'd dance and song,
 The midnight hour to day-break did prolong;
 And votaries to luxury and pride,
 Rule, Reason, and Sobriety defy'd.
 How chang'd the scene! where cloister'd silence reign'd,
 Where Mattins oft were pour'd, with heart unfeign'd;
 Where some, at least, sincere, their evils wept,
 And Fasts severe, and solemn vigils kept!

Thus pass'd away, a few short fleeting years,
 Then SUTTON's grand Beneficence appears;
 Who, with a noble, and capacious mind,
This House of Mercy generously designed;
 True Piety, and Learning to increase,
 Youth to instruct, and Age to live in peace:
 Youth, who thus aided, may their talents use,
 Virtue to gain, and knowledge to diffuse:
 Age, freed from anxious, and corroding care,
 Age, by unfeigned penitence and prayer,
 May for their last important hour prepare.

Thrice happy Spirit! Blest, supremely blest,
 In endless Bliss, and everlasting Rest!
 And, if thou canst so greatly condescend,
 (Father to youth, and to the aged friend,)
 To view the day, we chearfully bestow,
 To recognize thy memory below:
 Then, when our span of fleeting life is o'er,
 And when safe landed on th' eternal shore,

Mix'd with the blest, the vast unnumber'd throng,
Who chaunt the New, the never-ending Song;
We view *Thee* deck'd with heav'nly lustre bright,
Sparkling among the First-born Sons of Light;
Foremost of Charity's kind, dazzling train,
Who, fill'd with rapture, tread yon starry plain;
Low, at *Thy* Feet, we will with reverence Bow,
And hail *Thee* blessed,—as we each do,—NOW.



A CARD OF RESPECT,
TO
A LADY, AND HER DAUGHTER,
ON
Their presenting the AUTHOR with an ELEGANT
ASSEMBLAGE of FLOWERS.

DEAR LADIES,

MY Thanks you'll accept, I dare say,
That now by kind C——, I humbly convey,
For the roses, and pinks, and geranium so sweet,
That my smelling sensations so pleasingly greet;¹
With the woodbine so charming, for sight, and for scent,
True emblems of all the good-will that was meant;
Nought else can excel them, but Ladies so kind,
Who in Row, (*Constitution*,) you are certain to find.

The geranium majestic, in dignity seen,
The grave matron displays;—need I say who I mean?
The rose, with its blushes, so modest, and meek,
As dwells in the dimples of HEBE's fair cheek,
Expresses the Virgin's sweet mien, and soft air,
And where Miss B—— is, they are sure to be there.
The pink's spicy fragrance, and innocent grace,
And the elegant woodbine, half-hiding its face,
That form'd the assemblage; or, if taken apart,
How superior to those, form'd by skill, or by art;

No

No jewels, or gems, that on birth-nights are seen,
Are their equals, tho' plac'd on the breast of a queen.

Tho' these beauties of nature, their Maker display,
How transient their bloom, and how soon their decay ;
It scarcely survives the short space of a day ;
Yet their beautiful form, their suffusions, and tints,
May supply us, my Friends, with some pertinent hints ;
That life, and its pleasures, will quickly have end,
And we to the house of *All-Living** descend.
There fetter'd a-while with Mortality's chain,
We sleep in corruption ; 'till waking again,
At th' Archangel's summons, immortal we rise,
And ascend to our mansions prepar'd in the skies ;
There mix'd with the all-loving, glorify'd throng,
In Bliss ever blooming, in Youth ever young ;
Where fruits of *Ambrosia* eternally grow,
And flowers of *Paradise* constantly blow ;
Feign'd shades of *Elysium* are realiz'd there,
And the Bliss of the Blessed together we share.
In *Amaranth* bowers we then shall repose,
Forego all our sorrows, forget all our woes ;
And ranging the permanent plains of delight,
Enwrap't in the pure beatifical SIGHT,
We chaunt to our Lyres our JESUS's praise ;
And, admiring his beauty, continually—GAZE.

May *I* meet my kind Friends, and salute them above,
And with them share a kingdom of Glory and Love.

June 17th, 1792.

J. K.

JOB. ch. xxx. ver. 23,

F I N I S.

